

You Cared by [underthenorthstar](#)

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Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper

Relationships: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper/Reader, Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

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Summary:

You and Hop have only been dating a short while when Jane calls you for help one Sunday afternoon. Hopper is touched by your actions and fluff ensues.

You Cared

Author's Note:

TW: mention of periods (don't know if that's a warning but tagging anyways)

Sunday afternoons were for being lazy.

That's what you decided, anyways. No obligations, no work, nothing but lazing around in your comfiest clothes and eating your favourite snacks. Maybe you'd read a book. Maybe you'd binge a show. The possibilities were endless. It was your second favourite time of the week.

The first being Friday night date night, of course. Your relationship with Chief of Police Jim Hopper was in the early stages, but you felt it was going rather well. The big bear of man could be gruff and surly, sure, but he could also be sweet, thoughtful, and quite charming. The fact that he was completely drop dead gorgeous didn't hurt either. In short, you really, really liked him.

He'd been wary to introduce you to his daughter, at first, but you'd understood. There was no use getting a kid invested in someone if you didn't think it was going to last. It made you feel a warm and tingly inside to know that he did see your relationship continuing, as he has finally brought you over to meet Jane last week. You hoped you'd made a good impression on the teen. She had smiled at you and shook your hand, but remained quiet and almost shy for the rest of the evening. You'd have to have some one on one bonding time, you thought. She seemed sweet, and you wanted to get to know her better.

Little did you know that time would happen today, on your lazy Sunday.

"I need help," Jane's soft voice said when you'd answered your phone. "Dad had to go to work, I need help."

"Are you okay?" You asked, emotions bouncing back and forth

between panicked and confused. “Are you hurt?”

“No, but I am bleeding,” Jane exhaled, sounding almost annoyed. “Nancy told me I would need supplies. Can you bring me some?”

You let out a quiet huff of relieved laughter. “Ah, I see. Of course I can, Jane. Did Nancy explain the different types of....supplies?”

“There are different types?”

You shook your head. “Don’t worry, I’ll bring a little of everything and you can decide what you want to use. I’ll be there in about half an hour, okay?”

Jane had agreed, and so soon you found yourself arriving at the Chief’s cabin with a mountain of period supplies in the backseat. You were still a bit confused as to why she had called you, but in no way were you about to leave the girl to her misery. She was Hopper’s family. If you were going to be with him, she came along with the deal.

Soon enough, you had arrived at the cabin and a very pained Jane had answered the door. You’d gone through everything; what kinds of supplies she could use, why this was happening, how she could deal with the side effects. She’d took it all rather well, and in no time you had her bundled up on the couch, hot water bottle on her belly, chocolate in her hand and her favourite soap on the TV.

You had decided to fix some supper for the two of you, as you felt you should stay with her until Hopper made it home. She’d seemed quite okay with that, which you had to admit gladdened you. Perhaps your first impression had been pretty good, after all.

Hopper arrived home midway through your cooking. He shouted a greeting to Jane, then turned and saw you in the kitchen. His eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“Hi,” he said as he took off his coat and hat. “Not that I’m not glad to see you, but what are you doing here? It’s Lazy Sunday.”

“I needed help,” Jane piped up from the couch. “I started my period today.”

You stifled a giggle as Hopper stumbled while kicking off his boots. "You what?"

"Oh, don't act so surprised, she's around that age," you did let out a tiny snort at his shocked expression. "She called me, I could hardly leave her hanging."

"I, uh," Hopper went red in the face, clearly out of his element. "Are you okay? Do you....need anything? Can you still go to school tomorrow? Should I-"

You let out a full laugh as Jane interrupted him with an eye roll and an exasperated "I will be fine, Dad." She got up from the couch, turning to address you. "I am going to shower before food. Is that okay?"

You smiled at the girl. "Of course, Jane. How about I also whip up a special dessert? Your Dad told me you love Eggos."

Jane's whole face lit up, and she nodded enthusiastically as she tottered over to throw her arms around you in a giant hug. You hugged her back, surprised but happy. You glanced over her head at Hopper. He had a look on his face you couldn't quite place. It made an odd sort of shiver slither down your spine.

Jane let you go, smiling brightly up at you one last time before heading off to the bathroom. You watched her until the door clicked shut, then turned back to Hopper. He was still staring at you with that odd expression.

"What?" You asked, goosebumps beginning to form on your skin.

He continued to stare, but took a step closer. "You came over on Lazy Sunday."

"Yes," you replied, feeling suddenly dizzy. The air in the cabin had changed; it felt charged, like a live electrical wire. "Poor girl needed some help. Lazy Sunday is important, but this was more important."

He took another step. "You went out of your way to help her out."

"It was no trouble," you felt like your tongue was struggling to form

words, like everything tumbling off it was becoming thick and sluggish.

His long legs moved until he was right in front of you, close but not quite close enough to touch. His already massive frame seemed even bigger, towering over you in a way that was almost thrilling. Heat spilled off him, making you want to curl yourself against his chest and just soak up the warmth

“You stayed. You made dinner. You cared.” There was an almost undetectable tremor in his voice, his blue eyes softer than you had ever seen. You knew he’d had trauma in his past, even if he hadn’t shared details yet. You knew he’d gotten used to a lack of love in his life, but you hadn’t realized how deep the well of sorrow truly ran. For this small thing to affect him this much....it made you want to wrap him up in your arms and never let go.

“Of course I care,” you noticed your own voice was a little shaky too. “About you. About her. I knew getting in to this you came as a unit. I want to know Jane, and not just because she’s your daughter. Because she seems kind and sweet and good. Because she seems like she needs more love in her life. Kinda like her daddy.”

You closed the space in between the two of you, reaching up to place a hand on Hopper’s chest. Your heart skipped a beat when he reached up to cover your hand with his own, the warmth and comfort radiating down your arm and straight into your soul.

“I want to care about the two of you as long as you’ll let me,” you whispered, feeling his heart beat wildly under your palm.

“That may be a long time,” Hopper said hoarsely, clasping your hand just a little but tighter, like he was afraid his words would make you pull away. You couldn’t help but choke out a laugh; his words didn’t scare you. They made you feel like you were standing in bright sunshine, warm and good and pure and happy.

“I’m good with that,” you said, and with that, you reached up to close the gap between your mouths.

It was different than any other kiss you’d shared with Hopper before.

He kissed you at first almost desperately, one arm wound around your back while your entwined hands were crushed between you. He kissed you like a man dying for it, like he was still afraid this was all a very good dream and he'd wake up alone and cold and wishing for everything he thought he didn't deserve. You matched him in passion, trying to convey your feelings with the press of lips and the crash of tongues. You weren't going anywhere. You wanted him, and you wanted his family. All in.

The kiss eventually slowed from frenzied to languid, soft little moans escaping your mouth as Hopper nipped lightly at your lips. He pulled away after a moment, brushing his nose against yours in a tender caress.

"How about you have some of your Sundays here now," he murmured, eyes closed and face close to peaceful. "You, me, Jane. Movies and snacks. Just....time together."

You smiled, heart thumping as you curled yourself into him just a little tighter.

"Sounds like a perfect Lazy Sunday to me."